The Vision,

A POEM.

Being an ANSWER to the Lord *Beilhaven's* SPEECH.

By a Person of Quality.

COme hither ye Dreamers of Dreams,
Ye Soothsayers, Vizards and Witches,
That puzzle the World with hard Names,
And without any meaning make Speeches:
Here's a Lord in the North,
Near *Edinburgh* Frith;
Tho little has been said of his Name or his Worth;
He's seen such a Vision, no Mortal can reach it,
I challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.
And first, in the dark it was told him,
Which might very well appall us,
That the World was a fighting of old time,
From *Nimrod* to *Sardanapalus*;
That it's all Revelation,
You may pawn your Salvation,
For the Devil a History gives the relation,
But it's all in the Deeps, no Mortal can reach it,
We may challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.

Then *Scotland* comes next on the Stage,
For in Visions you must not be nice,
And a skip of three thousand Years age,
Is nothing where Men are Concise;
I name it the rather
Because you may gather,
How that every Man is the Son of his Father,
A Truth for the future no Mortal can doubt,
Whatever they might, before he found it out.
But heark, now the Wonders begin,
And take care least the Vision should fright ye;
For if it should make you unclean,
He has not told how he would dight ye.
First the National Church,
Left quite in the Lurch,
Was a truckling down to the Steeple and Porch,
But what is still worse, she's afraid of her Friends,
So Fevers make frantick Men hasten their Ends.
Was ever such Conjuring known,
Or the Church so claw'd by the Steeple,
Non-jurors are her Champions grown,
And the Prelatists vote for the People.
Protesters appear
And the *Jacques* they adhere,
And Anti-christ votes the true Church to secure,
O *Scotland!* Was ever such Conjuring known,
That the Mitre supports the same Church pull'd her down.
Then the Nation in Sack-cloth appear'd,
And the Visioneft sadly bewail'd her,
For Mischiefs the like were ne'er heard,
Her Priv'lege of Slavery fail'd her.
For the Mob he complain'd
That being born Chain'd,
Blest Bondage was lost, and damn'd Freedom remain'd,
So with Liberty scar'd, and afraid to grow Rich;
They su'd for Repentance in a dolorous Speech.
And first our Amazement 'll increase
The Souldiers disbanded appear,

Poor

Poor Drudges put Prentices to Peace,
For want of the Bleſſings of War;
For tho it's in the Book,
Yet the Scripture miſtook,
When it told us, our Swords ſhould to Plow-ſhares be broke:
It might be long ago a Happineſs there,
But it's plain by the Viſion it's otherwiſe here.
The Merchants are next on the Stage;
The Enchantment has circl'd them in;
For fear they in Wealth ſhould engage,
They reſolve they'll never begin.
The Burghs are afraid
They ſhall have too much Trade,
And the Nation to Plenty be ſafely betray'd,
So they gravely Addreſs, that to keep them ſecure,
As you find them, you leave them, both Fooliſh and Poor.
The next is indeed a ſad Sight,
The like on't has rarely been known,
'Twill ruin the Country quite,
It will never recover its own;
The Plow Man's undone,
From Father to Son;
For a terrible draw-back on Corn will come on,
In plenty they'll Ship it, be there never ſo much;
And to load us with Money, ſell all to the *Dutch*.
O ye Virgins! (both Sexes) draw near,
And tho it's but in Spectrum ſhowen,
In ſympathy lend us a Tear,
As the Caſe may ſometime be your own;
The Ladies Condition
Deſerves your Compaſſion;
'Tis very ſevere to make Beauty petition:
Yet here his ſtrange Tragedies turn'd to a Jigg,
That the Men want Employments, yet the Ladies ſhou'd Beg.
Then a Crew of old Sailers were brought,
At their true Benefactors to Rail;
Their Freight for ſtrange Nations was bought,
And this will cut off the Entail;

They

They thought it was hard
The *Dutch* Ships to discard,
And to force the poor *Scots* their own Trade to regard,
For Liberty claims a Freedom to ill,
And it's hard to get Money against a Man's Will.
And now the Exorciſt in turn
Like a Ghoſt in a Circle ariſes,
Without any Tears he can mourn.
He is Extaſies all and Surpriſes,
But what's wildeſt of all,
And does ſtrangely appall,
Two hours he talk'd, and ſaid nothing at all:
But let drop a few hypocritical Tears,
So the Crocodale weeps on the Carcaſe ſhe tears;
Then in ſtrange Hebrew words he bewail'd ye,
Tho the Jeſt was by few underſtood,
Tu quoque mi fili Squadrone,
Or in Scots, *the Parliament's wood*,
So *Cæſar* they ſay,
Cry'd out in a fray,
When they kill'd him, becauſe he'd his Country betray,
For *Brutus* his Country's Liberty ſought,
Was a Simily e're-ſoon happily brought?
Thus he rummag'd the Hiſtories old,
Like the Tale of the Bear, and the Fiddle;
For as 'twas unluckily told,
So the Story broke off in the middle.
Some ſaid my Lord cry'd,
Tho others deny'd;
Which Matter of Moment it's hard to decide,
But here's a more difficult Matter remains,
To tell if he ſhew'd us leſs Manners or Brains.

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